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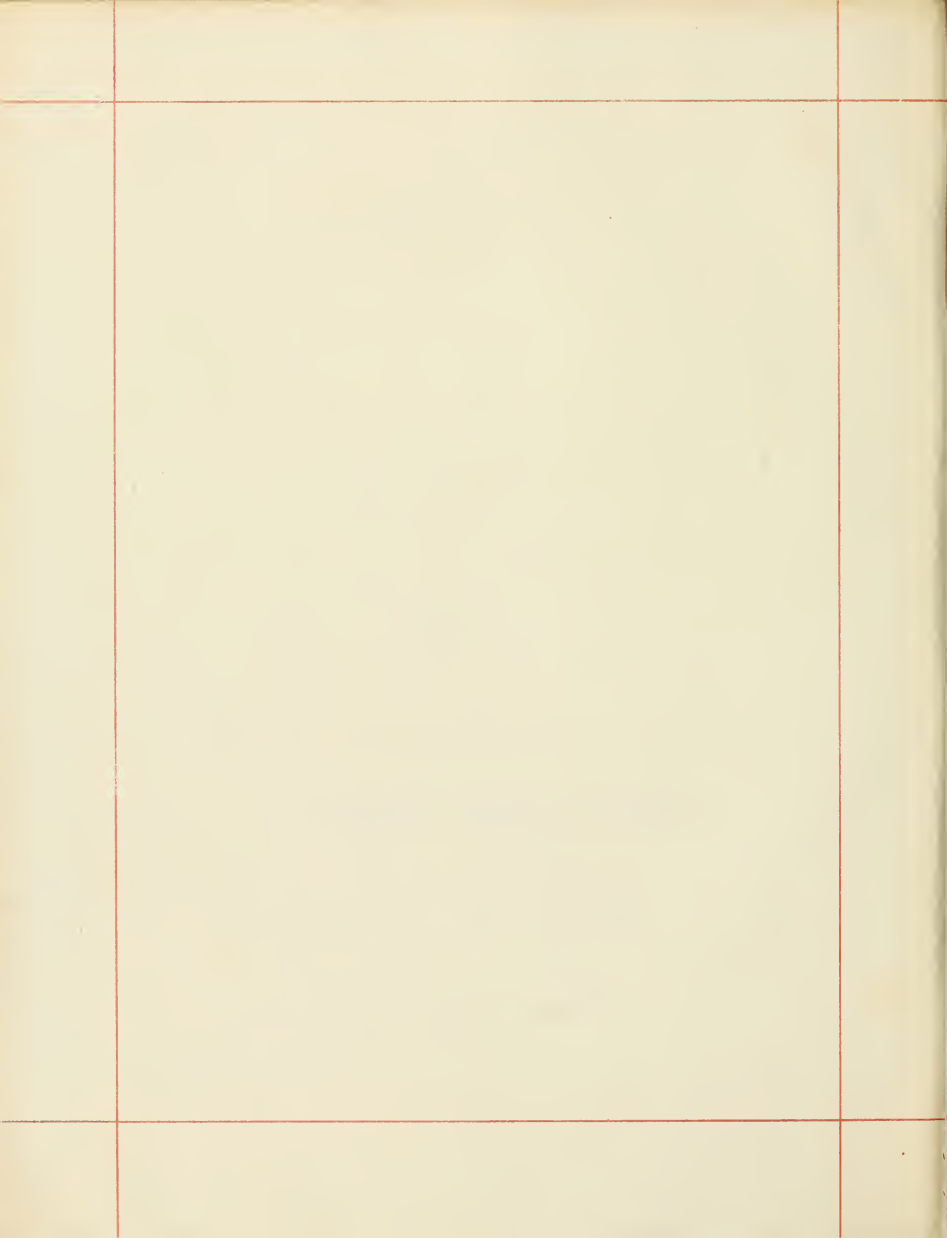
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GLIMPSES
OF
AMERICAN
LIFE AND SCENERY,
SKETCHED IN
LETTERS AND DIARY
OF
A TOUR IN THE
UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

During the Summer and Autumn of 1872.

BY
WILLIAM BLISS.

(Printed for Private Circulation only).

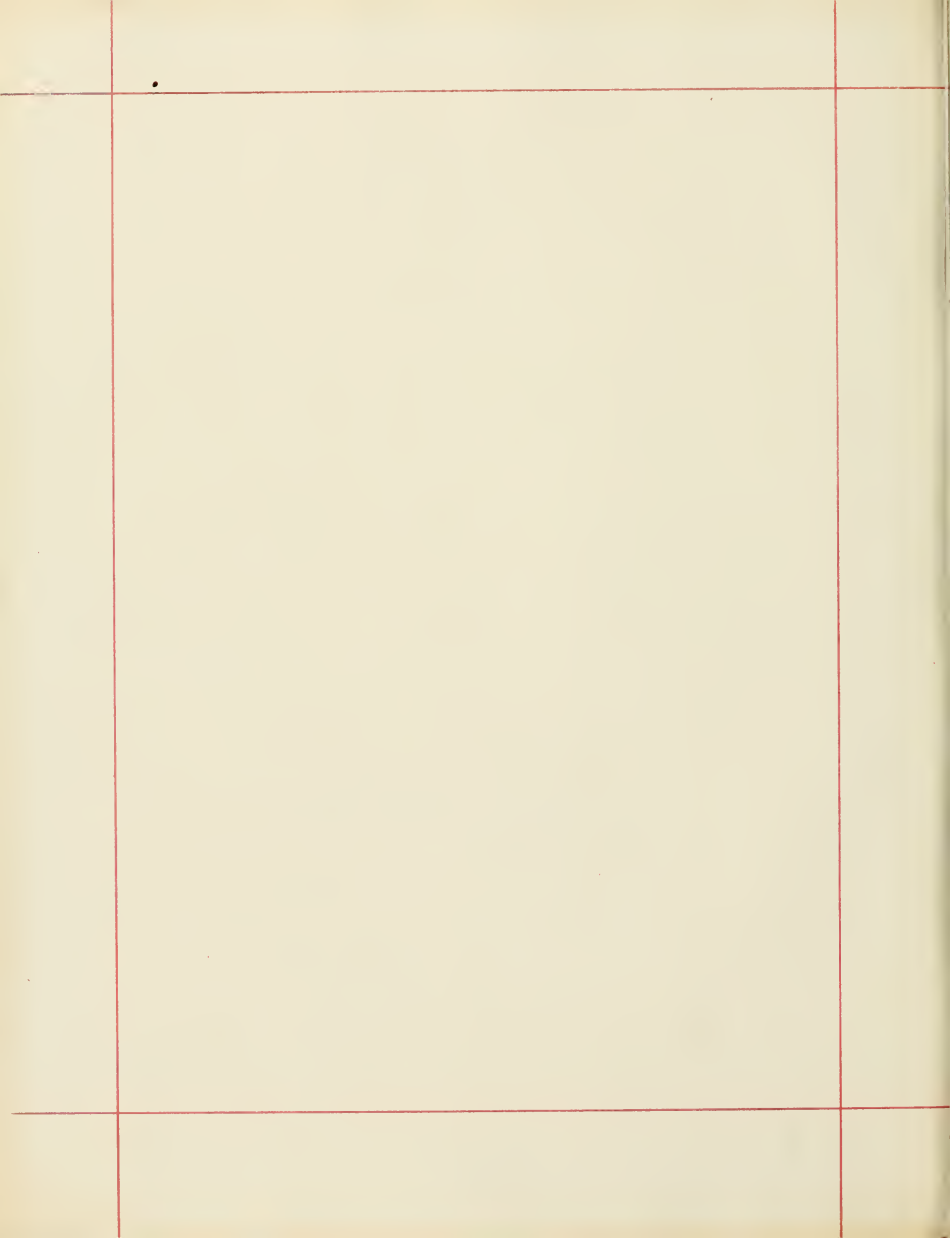


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TO THE READER.

The following Letters and Diary were not written with any view to publication; indeed, the writer would not have thought of going into print, had it not been suggested to him, that, to the members of his Family, and to numerous Friends on both sides of the Atlantic, his "Glimpses of American Life and Scenery," would be an acceptable *souvenir* of what was to him, a most memorable and pleasant episode in a busy life. He may further state that he has neither attempted to improve the style, nor to alter the language. With scarcely a dozen exceptions, and these of a trifling character, the printed copy is identical, in every respect, with the original manuscripts.

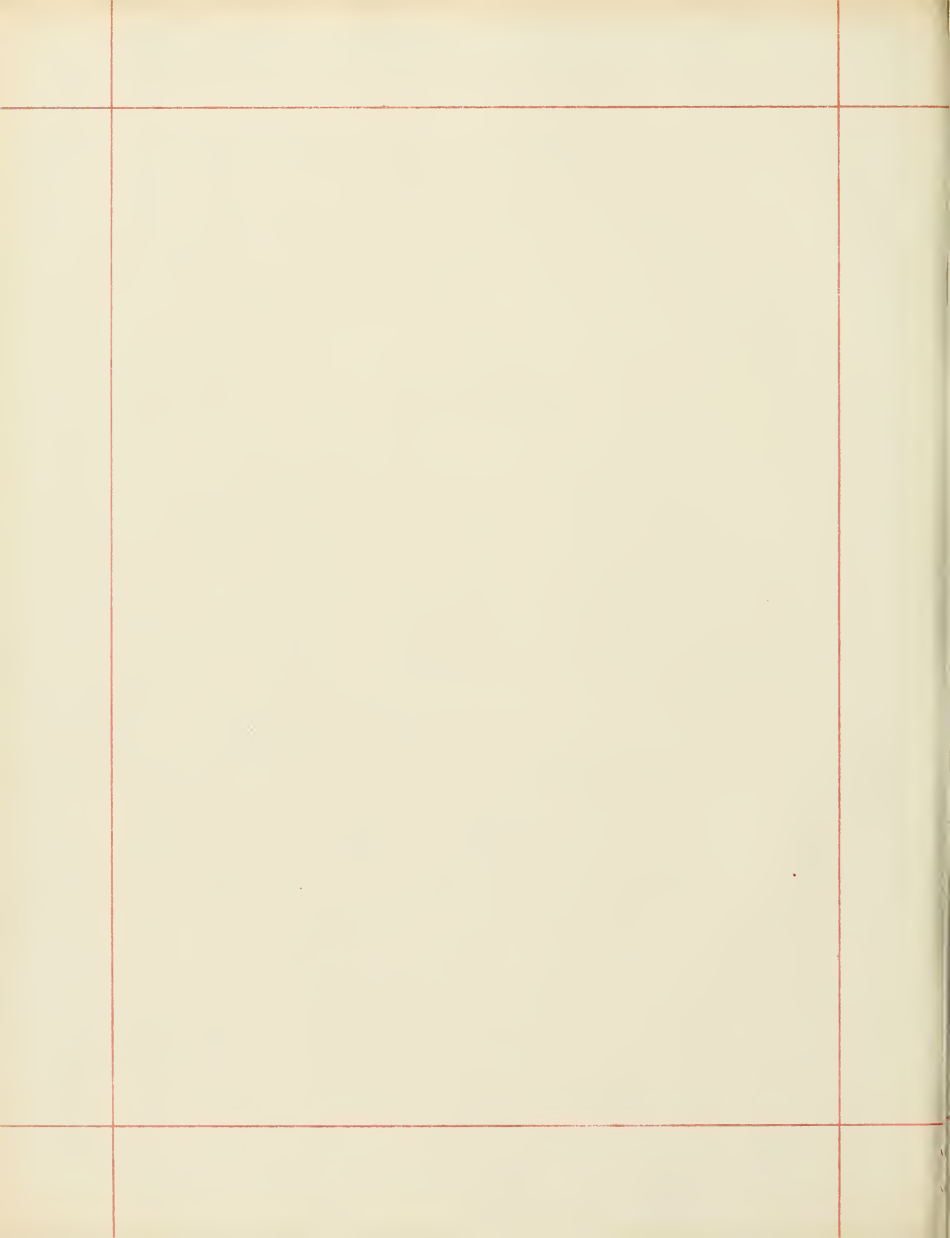


DEDICATION.

To my dear Wife — the faithful companion of many years; the wise, and trusted adviser in seasons of perplexity; the true solace in times of trial; and the light and joy of a happy home; the following Letters and Diary are dedicated by her affectionate husband,

WILLIAM BLISS.

Chipping Norton.



LETTER I.

The voyage out—Queenstown and Cork—Fellow Passengers—Qualmishness—Storm—Alarm on Board—Amusements—Whales and Porpoises—Sunday Services—Good Sermon—Land—Sandy Hook and New York Harbour.

ON BOARD THE "CHINA,"

August 26th, 1872.

MY DEAR AND MUCH BELOVED WIFE—

With much pleasure and delight I sit down in the saloon to recount to you the adventures of the past week, and will, as far as I can, keep you posted up as to my doings throughout the whole of my journey, and thus keep up my diary for your amusement *now*, and as a refresher to me hereafter. I will begin by telling you that owing to the London train being late at Honeybourne, I took my chance of reaching Manchester at 10 o'clock, and in consequence, had to change my carriage, and shift my luggage no less than seven times, arriving there at 1 o'clock in the morning of Friday the 16th, which day I spent on business in Manchester and Rochdale, and found myself at Liverpool at 10 o'clock that night, where I met Mr. Taylor, my friend and companion, and a dozen or more friends to see us off. On Saturday morning (August 17th), up at 6 o'clock, breakfast at 7, and on board the "China" at 8.30, where, after discussing two or three bottles of champagne with Taylor and friends, and bidding the latter farewell, we proceeded slowly down

the Mersey, passing not less than *6 miles* of splendid Docks and Shipping at Liverpool and Birkenhead. We sat down to lunch at 1 o'clock, and at 4 o'clock to a good dinner, after which, I was much amused by seeing large flocks of sea-gulls following the vessel to pick up what food was thrown overboard. One bird followed the vessel 80 miles. The white waves, broken into surf, having first the appearance of masses of ice, laid over with white frothy foam—pure white—and being surrounded by the dark sea, presented a fine spectacle. Kept on deck till 10 o'clock enjoying the moonlight, and the phosphorescent appearance of the water; on retiring to bed, I found I had for my companion in the upper berth, a Mr. Rankin, who had been living 44 years in Philadelphia, and who knew something of our friends, the Dalletts,—a quaint, and amusing Scotchman, aged 65, with whom I got on remarkably well the whole time. On board, I made many acquaintances, both amongst the ladies and gentlemen from all parts—New York, Philadelphia, Ohio, Chicago, St. Francisco, New Orleans, St. Louis, &c., &c.; and from all, I gained a great deal of valuable information. The account they gave of these places, their extent, population, and produce, astonished me, and convinced me how very little we know in England of the *outer* world, and particularly of the *new* world, to which I was going. I found all, both ladies and gentlemen, most friendly, agreeable, communicative, and intelligent.

SUNDAY 18th.—On reaching the deck, I saw we were lying off Queenstown (a beautiful spot). After partaking of breakfast, went on shore with Mr. and Mrs. Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, Taylor, and Skilbeck. Rode on an Irish car, a distance of four miles up a beautiful hill, from which the river Lee looked most lovely. On my return, I took steamer to Cork and had a beautiful sail, admiring the merchants' lovely villas and gardens reaching to the water side. At Cork we lunched, and returned by rail to the "China," in time to see over a hundred bags of letters put on board, which was an amusing sight.

Hundreds of sea-gulls followed the vessel from eighty to a hundred miles. They follow steamers, but not sailing ships.

After partaking of a good dinner, we proceeded on our voyage, having had a most delightful day. Mr. and Mrs. Briggs retired, and Taylor, Skilbeck, and myself were left with Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, a young couple, four years married, he, a very pleasant, intelligent young man, and she, a pretty, charming little woman, who has kept us alive, and amused us all through the voyage. At 10 o'clock Sunday night, I retired to my berth, which I had much difficulty in getting into; putting in my head the *wrong way*, I could not get right for some time, laughing heartily at the awkward position in which I found myself. I was a long time getting to sleep, my bed was so hard, and the noise so great, caused by the steam being blown off, and cinders emptied every two hours. On board these steamers there is no place for rest, or repose by night or day, but continued noise and excitement.

On Tuesday morning began to feel qualmy, had a cup of tea in bed and kept my berth till 12 o'clock, felt more or less ill the whole of the day, the vessel pitching and rolling much. At night, about 10 o'clock, a storm came on; waves mountains high, our vessel riding like a cork on them. In the midst of the tempest, one of our pumps got out of order, creating great alarm, and stopping the vessel two hours, during which time she was very unsteady. Scarcely anyone on board slept that night, and but few made their appearance next day, which was dull, dark, wet, and very unpleasant, obliging me to keep my berth all day, speculating whether Fanny and my son William had like suffering, and if they had, I wonder they had not reproached me for persuading them to go, and make the trip, which in fine weather and a smooth day (as to day), is truly delightful, but in bad weather anything but that.

THURSDAY 22nd.—Began to feel better, and was able to attend at

breakfast, lunch, and dinner, but was anxious to reach New York as soon as possible, about which, and every other part of the United States I heard so much on board. Found, by seeing the Log taken, that we averaged thirteen to fifteen miles an hour, or from three hundred to three hundred and fifty miles a-day. The passengers amused themselves by betting on the Log, Pilot boat number, and Pilot putting his right or left leg on board *first*. The distance altogether from Liverpool is over three thousand miles. We have had a dull wet day, with headwinds against us all day, which kept us down stairs, and made us glad to go to bed.

FRIDAY 23rd.—Much the same, people amusing themselves by playing at cards, betting on the Log, in fact, anything to *kill* time.

SATURDAY 24th.—A fine day, recovered my appetite, found my sea-legs, and began to enjoy myself again; made friends, and chatted with nearly all on board, and found all most pleasant and agreeable, very intelligent and communicative. All had been to see Europe, and no less than a hundred thousand Americans had done the same this year. Americans spend more money in sight seeing than all the world besides; husbands take their wives and children—to whom they seem most devoted. Young people have much more freedom of will and action, than with us, are at home with each other at once, and are allowed to receive and show attentions to each other with most perfect freedom. Parents are never consulted till young men have declared themselves, and the affections of both parties are fully engaged. All classes, and all ages, are much less reserved than we are, ladies much more free and demonstrative. Mrs. Sullivan has been like a sunbeam to us all, so bright and vivacious.

Saw two whales and lots of porpoises, disporting themselves in the sea, flying from one wave to another. *Saturday* being so fine a day, quite reconciled me to the sea, and although we have had headwinds against

us all the way, we shall have made a good passage, and hope to arrive at New York by 6 o'clock Tuesday, and land that night.

SUNDAY 25th.—A most lovely morning, all on deck enjoying it, and full of bright spirits and praise. Saw the Captain and learnt there would be service on board, and asked him to invite a presbyterian clergyman—to whom I had become attached—to preach, which he did, and that well. The Church service in the saloon was read by the doctor of the ship, it was well attended, and the discourse was most solemn and impressive, the subject being "God's providence over all His creatures," which touched my own and the feelings of many others very much, and I was constrained to thank the good man for his excellent sermon. The day was spent on deck from morning till night, it looked full of a living freight, and all expressed themselves delighted with the day.

MONDAY 26th.—I was called up early by one of our friends to see two or three large steamers passing, which we hailed with delight, for we had scarcely seen one vessel all the way, (showing how vast the ocean is). At 11 o'clock, retired to berth, well satisfied with the day, thinking of, and praying for all the dear ones at home, both large and small. The little ones have so often been present with me, particularly dear Esther's darling pet, who with all the rest I long to see again. Had one turn on deck this morning before breakfast, watching the vessels passing us, and chatting with the passengers, all of whom I now seemed to know; my 'photo' album of English celebrities has been most useful, and an introduction to all the ladies who have been delighted with it. We expect to arrive at New York before 6 o'clock Tuesday, where I shall doubtless find my nephews Dallett, John and Ernest. I shall go to Dallett's house for three or four days. On Saturday or Monday to Philadelphia, and remain till Thursday; then four of us start on our Canadian trip, which will occupy two weeks, as we intend to take Toronto, Ottawa Lakes, Montreal, down to Lowell, White

Mountains, Boston, and to New York. October I shall spend in the cities, learning what I can of American life, and using my letters of introduction. I am quite prepared to be surprised at, and enjoy all I see, and hope I shall return home, a wiser, better, and more contented man. The more I see of the world and its inhabitants, the more fond of it and them I get. The discomfort of our berths on board is great, but the provisions and cooking are excellent, no stint, but good and well cooked, and served by the stewards (of whom there are twenty in the saloon). On a fine day like this, when they are obliged to put up awnings to keep the sun off, it is most delightful, and fascinating. The horizon seems circumscribed, and makes the ocean appear like a large flat steel plate on which you are moving, and you fancy you can only see one mile in each direction, but the sailors tell you it is thirty miles or fifteen each way. I intend telegraphing immediately I get on shore, to let you know I am safe and well, and will write you a diary, like this, once a week. I wish I had asked you to telegraph to me, so that on arrival I might know you are all well, up to to-morrow, but pray, each one of you to write as often as you can, as I shall want to hear very often; remember the old saying, "absence makes the heart grow fonder." I hope and trust you have not felt too anxious about me, but that you are taking every care of yourself, darling Esther, and her sweet little pet. I think of you this morning starting on your journey to Eastbourne, where I hope you will enjoy yourselves much, and all derive much benefit.

Mr. Taylor desires to be kindly remembered to all. To-day, the sea is as smooth as glass, and is truly lovely; the Pilot has just come on board. The sunset to night is splendid. Porpoises in shoals are sporting in the sea by the side of our boat. We expect to get to New York to-morrow (Tuesday) night or Wednesday, when I shall be sure to telegraph to you.

TUESDAY 27th.—Last night we had a grand concert on board by the passengers, twenty songs well sung, and £20 collected towards the Liverpool Sailors' Home. Another fine day, all on board well and happy, and looking out for land, which we hope to see at 2 o'clock to day, and to go on shore at 6 o'clock, when I hope to see Dallett, William and Ernest. Taylor and I talk of doing the Falls, and Canada, and then go west to Chicago, on to Salt Lake, and to San Francisco (if possible), and thus doing the whole thing complete. Hope all is going on well at home. Final close, passed Sandy Hook, going up New York Harbour, which is splendid.—Adieu.

LETTER II.

Farewells on Board—Meetings and Greetings on Shore—Fifth Avenue Hotel—Bill of Fare—Stores, Public Buildings and Park—Plans for the future.

N E W Y O R K ,

Monday September 3rd., 1872.

MY VERY DEAR AND BELOVED DAUGHTERS.—

I avail myself of the very first opportunity, to sit down to write this to you, thus continuing my Diary sent to your dear mother last week, which left off with my arrival at New York, where we were three hours in landing on Tuesday evening—from 5 to 8 o'clock, all which time, Dallett, Ernest, and John Dallett were waiting to give us a hearty welcome.

After taking farewell of my fellow passengers, which I was sorry to do, as some were so good and pleasant, I proceeded to Fifth Avenue Hotel, where Dallett and Virginia had taken up their abode, and where I have been their guest. It is a splendid Hotel, making from fifteen hundred to two thousand beds; is painted white and gold, brilliantly lighted and carpeted, larger than any Hotel in London, and more like the "Grande" in Paris. Here I was made most comfortable till Thursday.

I then went out to arrange a visit to John Dallett, and to see my old friend Mrs. Hemphill. Spent a most pleasant day, and at dinner did full justice to the American dishes, most of which were quite new to me.

WEDNESDAY 5th.—Went through three large dry stores, and was astonished at the extent of Mr. Stewart's warehouse, it is the largest in the world: built of white marble, five stories high, through which you are raised by a hoist to each floor; after dinner, drove through central Park (eight miles in extent), and but little inferior to the Bois de Boulogne in Paris; larger and better laid out than our own Parks. I have been pleased and surprised with all I have seen in New York, everything being on a larger scale than I expected, and so novel. The living is splendid, such a bill of fare, sixty-three dishes for breakfast, and a hundred for dinner!

FRIDAY 7th.—Visited the Stock Exchange, Custom House, Gold Room, calling on Harmuttay & Co., and seeing Mr. Stewart, (the richest man in America), who received me most kindly, and talked with me for an hour; told me his history, and invited me to dine at his house—a white marble palace which cost £50,000—on my return through New York two weeks hence. All felt disappointed that I have not brought your mother, and all of you out with me, and I now wish I had, for I am sure you would, like me, have

been surprised, and delighted at all you see. It is truly a great and grand country, and everything so novel and good; we have never heard one half of the truth on the other side.

MONDAY 10th.—I have come up from Philadelphia to go this day (3.30) with Dallett and Mr. Taylor on our *Niagara* and *Canadian* route, which will take us two weeks, after which, we go west to Chicago, and perhaps to San Francisco; but before I decide this, I await letters from home, which I am anxious to see, that I may know if all is going on well, and if Willie and Sam are getting on well with business affairs, for my stay on this side will depend on this. I may leave middle of October, or stay till 1st November, by which time I hope to see all I want of country and friends, and expect then to be home-sick. Everything is so much nicer and grander than I expected, the railway cars are splendid, and street cars the same (to which all other travelling in streets is sacrificed). The river and ferry boats are novel and beautiful, the former like floating palaces with every luxury on board. American ladies, from what I have seen, are very friendly and intelligent, and some of them good looking; but as yet I have not seen the best, as they are all away from the cities at watering places—Long Branch, Saratoga, and elsewhere, to which we are going, when I return in October, they say the cities will be full of them. Fruit and vegetables are here very fine and cheap, they have five times the variety of food and drinks we have. Had I come to this country at eighteen to twenty-five years of age, I might have stayed here and have become naturalized; the variety and novelty just suit me, and I feel in my element; nevertheless I may be glad to get back to old England when the time comes. The newspapers and everything here are very sensational, I had intended sending you some, but have missed my chance by the mail.

LETTER III.

First impressions of Philadelphia—Up the Hudson—West Point—Mountain Pass—Cascades, Rapids, and Flowers—Saratoga the Scarborough of America—Society—Trotting Match—Trenton Falls—Camp Meeting in the Woods—Niagara—Heat 90°.

N I A G A R A F A L L S .

9th September, 1872.

MY VERY DEAR AND TRULY BELOVED WIFE.—

You will have received and read my Diary up to the first, addressed to Annie and Esther, giving full particulars of our doings up to that time. Saturday week (August 31st), I went from New York to poor William's home, where I had a very warm reception from him, Tom, Michael, Dallett, Marianne, and Louisa, all of whom are well, and most kind. On entering, and passing through Philadelphia, I was much struck with its beauty. Some houses are built of polished white marble, in most others, the door-jambs, and window sills are of the same material, giving them a cool and elegant appearance. A wesleyan Church of large dimensions with two spires, and a tower like our cathedral Churches, is also entirely constructed of polished white marble, splendidly carved. Philadelphia must, I think, be the finest and prettiest city in the world. Sunday morning we left for William's *country* house at Darlington, twenty miles, where we dined and spent the greater part of the day; after dinner, I was driven in their own carriage to Mrs. Dallett's country house, where I saw her and all the family; poor woman, she is not likely

to live long. The family are very nice and kind. On our way everything seemed new, the railway carriages, and conveyances of all kinds. Negroes, male and female, young and old, dressed in their Sunday best, gave a peculiar feature to the scene.

MONDAY MORNING.—Left Philadelphia with Dallett and Virginia, to meet Mr. Taylor, and proceeded with him and Dallett up the Hudson in a splendid steamboat on our way here and to Canada. Both sides of the Hudson River were most beautiful, covered with underwood, like the Rhine, *but without its Castles*. The first night was spent at west-point, where we went over the Military Dépôt, which is very interesting. Next morning we took boat again for Katskill Mountains. Drove up the cloves, a wonderfully grand mountainous pass, filled with beautiful trees, shrubs, ferns, and wild flowers, and adorned with glorious cascades and rapids. At the very top of these mountains (two thousand five hundred feet above the sea), there was a splendid hotel, making a thousand beds, and commanding a view of the Hudson River below, with its beautiful banks, for a hundred and fifty miles in length, and twenty-five miles wide. This, with the sunrise (which I got up at 4 o'clock to see), and the changes occasioned by the clouds, make this the most beautiful feature of nature in the world. We left it with regret, and proceeded to Saratoga, (the most fashionable watering place in America). Hotels, large and splendid, filled with the gayest company, who danced at night at each hotel (as at Scarboro). Here the ladies appeared lovely, and well and splendidly dressed; but it is only the young ones that appear to be very attractive; after thirty or forty, they age prematurely.

THURSDAY 5th.—Rode out to see a country-fair and trotting-match, which afforded much fun, and gave us an opportunity of

seeing the country-folk of all classes. There was a flower-show, implement-show, live-stock, &c. The lasses were dressed very gaily, many having shawls like our "Gents," only of coarser material, and of American make. The trotting match (which was at the rate of one mile in two minutes and forty seconds, or twenty-five miles per hour), was new to us, and yielded much amusement, for five or six carriages made twenty false starts before they could be got off. Everything about the Fair was well conducted, people remarkably sober, and properly behaved. We spent two nights at Saratoga, drank the waters, and behaved ourselves as English Gentlemen should. Just as we were about leaving for Trenton Falls, Dallett received a telegram from Virginia saying, his wife's mother was very ill. He left us to return home. This was a great loss to us, as he was such a good guide, and pioneer, knowing every place, and so many people. However, we proceeded to Trenton Falls, which are magnificent, and on learning there was a camp-meeting in a wood one mile off, Taylor and I went and spent two or three hours there, and were exceedingly amused, and instructed by some of the scenes we witnessed. This large and beautiful wood, about one hundred acres in extent; the people had bought. There they built a chapel, and several nice wood-houses, and a pavillion, in which the Minister and Elders assemble to address the people that congregate, and who live ten days or a fortnight in nice white tents. On Sunday, they reckon to have ten thousand people to worship. I was introduced to the Superintendent—a fine, handsome, gentlemanly man, who presented me to Dr. Butler—a Missionary in India at the time of the mutiny, who has published an account of the war, for which he received a letter of acknowledgement from our Queen. When I arrived on the ground, they were holding prayer-meetings

in nearly all the tents (about one hundred in number), singing and praying with all their hearts and souls, and under much excitement. We waited to see the grounds, tents, and pavilion lighted up with lamps, for they keep on from eight till ten, and all night, in some of the tents. We also witnessed the commencement of the evening service in and around the pavilion, which was conducted in a most orderly manner. The President alluded to us two Englishmen, as being present out of curiosity. Learning there would be a large love feast in the morning, I went down at 8 o'clock, and stayed for an hour. Being challenged by the President, I addressed the meeting, telling them how glad I was to meet them, and how delighted I was with all I had seen in their new country, and complimenting them on the order and decorum, as well as the organization of their meetings. Many stood up and related their experience, which was very wonderful, and reminded one of the day of Pentecost, which they look on these camp meetings as resembling. Eternity only can reveal the good that will result from them.

SATURDAY, 7th.—We left Trenton Falls with regret, and did not reach here—Niagara, till 12 o'clock at night, overdone with fatigue and heat, which was very great, the thermometer being 90° all day. SUNDAY and to day, we have spent in going to about twenty places to see the truly wonderful, and grand display of nature here. Who can describe it? I cannot, for any attempt would be a failure. Although I had seen pictures of the place, it has exceeded all my conceptions, and its magnificence and sublimity must overawe every reflective mind, as it has done mine, and inspired me with greater admiration of our Creator and Redeemer, who, whilst governing the sublime, and majestic waters, takes care of the minutest insect. The Hotels here are large and

superb; and on Sunday, there were over five-hundred persons at this one Hotel—all first-class people, refined, well dressed, most quiet, sober and temperate in their habits, and setting a good example to us of the old country. Nearly all the gentlemen had their wives with them, to whom they were most attentive, and it made Taylor and myself wish we had ours with us. After what I have seen, I cannot say too much in praise of the people and places here: the living, and attention are everywhere far superior to the “Langham,” or any other of our first-rate Hotels. All the servants—male and female—are negroes, dressed beautifully clean, (all in white) and they are most docile, civil, and obliging. I enclose one or two dinner-bills that you may judge how we live. It is no unusual thing to order eight or ten things for breakfast, and twelve to twenty for dinner, all served up at once and in first-rate order. This country is large enough and rich enough in its resources to contain and support the whole world, and I can say, with Sir Morton Peto, that every young man who can, should see it before he settles in life. To-morrow, we leave here for Buffalo, and thence into Canada, Toronto, Montreal, and Ottawa Lakes; George and Champlain white mountains; through Lowell and Providence to Boston; and on to New York; where, after spending two or three days, we go west on to Chicago, and back south, returning to New York before the middle of October; and after spending two or three weeks with our friends at New York and Philadelphia, I shall return home, leaving New York on or before the 1st of November: but this must depend much upon how things are going on at home, and I depend on dear Willie and you, and dear Esther to keep me posted up twice a week, for I shall want to hear from you as often as you can write, telling me all about yourselves and

your doings. I hope you and dear Esther, and her darling pet, are enjoying yourselves, and deriving much benefit at Eastbourne; Willie tells me you are first-rate in health and spirits. I have been buying you and others lots of curious presents here to-day from the Indians; and at every place I have visited, I have got photos and books, which I shall be delighted to explain to all on my return. One and all must accept my best love and best wishes. Don't forget to have a bottle of sparkling Moselle on the 18th, to keep my birth-day and our wedding-day. Taylor, and I, have kept his; and I think of you all as being present in spirit and in heart. I have had a letter from Mrs. Bliss, inviting me to visit her at New York. Mr. Coulier, late Miss Thompson's husband, called on me there, and gave me an invitation to see them, and so has Mr. Stewart and others, so that when I get to the cities in *October*, I expect I shall be "*Lionized*" a little. Neither Mr. Jno. Atkins, nor Mr. Greenwood has turned up, though I sent Mr. Greenwood a letter, and challenged both to come, as I found it impossible to go to them. Please keep all the letters I send, as they are my only diary, and number the pages to follow. Excuse bad writing, and believe me to be, &c., &c.

LETTER IV.

Toronto—Ottawa—Timber Trade—Fabulous Profits—The St. Lawrence—Rapids—Sunrise and Sunset—Victoria Bridge—Sunday in Montreal—Education.

M O N T R E A L .

15th September, 1872.

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER ESTHER.—

My last letter was written at Niagara, addressed to your beloved Mother, which I hope has been received in due course; since then, I have had your kind letter, and the one from your dear Mother, from which I am glad to hear you are so delighted with Eastbourne; let me beg you to stay as long as possible, and get all the benefit and enjoyment from it that you can. I am so glad to hear you are all well, and that darling Chrissie is so well, bless her. I am often reminded of her by the dear children I meet, who are very nice, and well conducted, great pains being taken to bring them up well. I shall be glad to have dear little Chrissie's likeness. I had mine taken here on a superior plan. I will send you one in my next; you will scarcely know me in my American aspect—whiskers and hair cut so close, and my complexion so much altered, that I shall soon become as dark as a red Indian. My Diary left off at Niagara. I was sorry to leave that sublime and splendid scene, which I shall never forget. I wish that you and your dear Mother could see it. Our next places have been Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal—all Canadian

cities remarkable for their beautiful public and private buildings. The people are more like the English, but lack much of the energy, style, and sobriety of the Americans.

As I said in my last at Niagara, we sat down at dinner with over five-hundred Americans,—half ladies and half gentlemen, everything beautifully clean, and attended by Negroes dressed in white, and remarkably obliging. They make the best waiters, barbers, coachmen, jockeys, &c., in the world.

Toronto is a fine place of trade, splendid warehouses, full of every variety of goods: buildings good, (of which I have twenty-five photographs). The ladies, of whom I send you six 'photos,' are stylish and beautiful. In one day, we called on eight or ten business houses; then had a car and drove all round this place. Saw merchants' residences, which are very elegant and handsome, and as in England, surrounded by beautiful flower-gardens. From Toronto we went to *Ottawa*—the seat of the Canadian Government: visited the houses of Assembly, which are *splendid*, both *inside*, and *out*. For more than a hundred miles, the railroad passes through beautiful woods, which are often set on *fire*.

The lumber or timber trade is carried out here on a large scale; and immense fortunes are made by it. One Mr.—, in fifteen years, has made £150,000 clear profit: cut up forty-eight million feet of timber a year—a good part of which is for matches,—and he makes a thousand wooden-pails, and a thousand tubs a day.

Returned to the river-side; and from thence proceeded on one of the splendid river-boats, from 10 to 6 o'clock, up the grand and noble river St. Lawrence, to Montreal, passing the Rapids, which are wonderful, and very dangerous, having to pass

in one place through a split in the rock which is only just under the water: to steer clear, it requires two or three strong men at the wheel. We saw one large steamer—"St. Helena," which was wrecked in May last, all the hundred and fifty lives saved after forty-eight hours terror. Left the boat twelve miles below Montreal, and took rail to that place, after a splendid day, the atmosphere so pure, the skies so lofty, and of such a magnificent colour. The sunrises, sunsets, and moonlights are most beautiful.

Yesterday—SATURDAY, we spent in going the round of twenty large stores on business, all on a larger scale, and much more complete than any in London. Nearly all are owned by Scotchmen; afterwards, we drove round the city. The public-buildings are all grand and noble, and the harbour very fine. Here is the Victoria Railway Bridge—the *largest in the world*. Visited a very large steamer, the—"Helvetia," five-thousand tons, viâ Quebec and Liverpool.

This morning, SUNDAY, at 10 o'clock, went to the Roman Catholic Cathedral to a grand service. There are more Catholics than Protestants here. I have never been in a place where the Sunday is so strictly observed, (more so even than in Edinburgh). No rail, or public vehicles allowed on Sundays. The people are said to be very *moral and religious*. As much style is observed here by ladies in dress, as in London. My visit on this side has induced me to take much larger views of the world, and to think better of mankind, than I have hitherto done. How much good would it do, if more of our English people were to visit the United States and Canada, and see for themselves, without which, they can never believe what the countries and people are. Both the United States and Canada, must go a-head, having made such an

important start, nothing can stop them, and in the race, I fear that old England may be left behind. Our self-importance, narrow views, and prejudices, stand much in our way. Education among all classes here, is far superior to what it is with us, and by this means, people are well prepared to take a higher position. Classes are not acknowledged, all pull together, each for himself, "God for all," and the Devil take the hindmost, (so says Dallett). I have so many times wished you and your Mother, and all of you were here to witness the wonders I have seen. Our plan is to leave on Monday for lakes George, and Champion, spending a night at Saratoga, and returning to New York by Providence and Boston; and after two or three days in New York, shall proceed west to Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and return by way of St. Louis, Baltimore, and Washington, and spend the rest of my time with our friends in New York, and Philadelphia. Should there be a necessity for returning by the middle of October, I shall only have three or four days for all this; but if all goes on well at home, and I am not wanted, I should like to stay till 1st November, as I shall have a better passage, and be able to see, and digest all. As it is, I am glad I came, and hope to return with a wiser head, and a larger heart.

LETTER V.

*Canadian Lakes and Islands—Bad Roads and Slow Travelling,
half a mile an hour—Lake Scenery—Lowell and its Factories—Back
to New York—"Westward Ho!"*

N E W Y O R K ,

24th September, 1872.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER ANNIE.—

It is with much pleasure that I address this, the 5th series of my Diary to you. When you have read it, let your dear Mother, and others see it. My last was written from Montreal, on Sunday week—just after I had attended a most gorgeous service at the Roman Catholic Cathedral. In the afternoon we went down to the docks harbour, which are very extensive and beautiful; then went over a large steamer—the "Hibernia," and in the evening I intended going to the Protestant Cathedral, but the cabman drove me to a Congregational Chapel by mistake, where I am ashamed to say I slept a great part of the service, but enjoyed the hymn-tunes, which were all familiar to me. Monday morning, I left Montreal very early for Lake Champlain, one-hundred and twenty miles in length, eight miles wide, and very beautiful. A splendid steamer—"Vermont," was waiting for us; this boat is very large, fitted up in superb style, and replete with every comfort and luxury. Unfortunately, the day was showery and foggy, which interfered with our enjoyment of the fine

scenery. At the end of the lake, we had four miles on a wretched road to go in an old omnibus, holding twenty persons; and although we had four horses, we often got stuck in the ruts which were two feet deep, so that we could not get on, and were every minute afraid of being upset. We were one hour and a quarter going the first mile, and it took two and a half hours to do the four miles. But notwithstanding all the discomfort, we were richly repaid by the extreme beauty of Lake George, one of the most lovely spots on earth—a second Eden, where Adam and Eve might have lived. The lake is about thirty miles long by two broad; has three-hundred and sixty-five Islands, and is said to have another for leap-year, which only appears once in four years! As the weather was not fine the day we came down the Lake, we took steamer next day, went up the same, and round the Islands, all of which being covered with underwood in great variety, and displaying every shade of color, were most lovely. Here many of the rich merchants have bought Islands of the Government, and built beautiful summer residences: and on some Islands people encamp for a week, and Gipsy parties are made up from the Hotel. We left this place with much regret, for here we should like to have spent a whole week. We next paid another visit to Saratoga, on our way to Boston. How changed in ten days! From a gay, lively spot, it has become a “dead-alive place:”—people all gone, and the splendid hotels shut up for the winter, the season only lasting four months. From here we went to Lowell—the Manchester of America, of which I have read so much in former years about the famous Cotton Mills and Woollen Factories. In these we were disappointed, and having miserable accommodation, and a wet day, we were glad to get away to Boston, which is more like a gay, and

bustling city in England. We were much pleased with the place, and the people; and wished we had time to stay and see more of them. As it was, Mr. Talbot drove us round for three hours to see its beauties. We went out to Washington Mills, which with others, Pacific, Atlantic, and Providence, exceeded anything I could have imagined. They are one and a half miles in extent. I have Photos of them. Washington Mills employ nine-thousand hands, one-third woollen, one-third cotton, one-third worsted; and are beautifully worked by straps—(no iron gearing) by which they say there is a saving of 25 % of power. The manufacturers with all their production, and protection, get little profit; and though wages are higher than in England, the work-hours are from 6 till 8. No Saturday afternoons, or holidays, and everything three times dearer than in England. On our way to New York, we visited the Providence Mills, managed by Sansom Junr. of Nailsworth; could not see him, as he was away. Went over the Mills, in which I was much interested, twenty-four sets of Carding Engines in one room, narrow Engines, Apperley's feeds to scribblers and condensers on double doffers. In all these Mills they scour the greasy wools with rock-salt, and soda, and swill it off with water, and in oiling wool, they only use one-third of the oil we do, mixed with borax and water, and applied with water-pot and stick in the old way. Their looms are very neat, made by Crampton. On our way from Boston to New York by rail, we passed through a most lovely country, beautiful mountains covered with wood, interspersed with rivers, and lakes, the trees bending into the water; the foliage, with its autumn tints, is most beautiful; woods, mountains, lakes, all the way, which, with the variety of wild-flowers, make one of the most superb

of nature's gardens. Indeed, everything in this country is large, and beautiful. The more I see of the Americans, the more I like them; they are very refined, and well-behaved, kind and courteous. I have not met a Yankee yet. We arrived here—New York, on *Saturday night*, and were glad to find ourselves at this splendid Hotel, where everything is like the grand Hotel in Paris. Dallett was here to meet us. On *Sunday* I laid in bed till 10 o'clock to rest, after which Dallett took me out to see the fine ladies and gentlemen coming from church. Dined together at 2 o'clock, and then went out for two or three hours to the central Park. At night attended a grand Universalist Church, where we had a beautiful Sermon on "Faith, Hope, and Charity," by Dr. Chaffin, said to be the greatest orator in the United States. The music was splendid, the choir all professionals, but the congregation does not join. We had the old hymn, "Glory to Thee, &c.," and the Lord's Prayer—both of which reminded me strongly of home. Though so distant—four-thousand miles, my heart and mind are constantly going out to you all; and I can assure you the little ones are not forgotten: tell them this, and that I have bought them shoes, made by the Indians from Niagara, and other curiosities. Yesterday I devoted to business, and going through Greenwood Cemetery, which was most extensive and beautiful, beyond anything we have in England, or can conceive of. Dallett and Ernest dined with us at 6 o'clock, and I went to bed at 10, for I get so tired in this hot climate. On Sunday the heat was 92°! To-day, Dallett is going to take us up the sound in one of the most splendid steamers. To-morrow, we leave for the west, going to Cleveland, Detroit, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, and return by way of Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, reaching here

about the 10th of October. I think I shall come back with Taylor in the "Russia," 17th of October, and hope to be with you the 29th, as I shall, by that time, be quite home-sick. It seems a long time since I saw you. I shall have very much to tell you all on my return.

LETTER VI.

Over the Alleghany Mountains—Sharp Railway Curves—A Nervous Test—Luggage Lost—Chicago, Drives about the City—The Great Fire—City Rising, phoenix like from its ashes—Magnificence—Houses and Furniture removed bodily—Taken for Horace Greeley—Sunday in Chicago—Eloquent Sermon and Public Baptism—Rats—High Price of Clothing.

CHICAGO—TREMONT HOUSE.

28th September, 1872.

MY BELOVED WIFE.—

My last Diary (addressed to dear Annie), was an account of our doings up to Tuesday night with Dallett at New York.

Monday I went over Greenwood Cemetery—eight or ten miles in extent, diversified with woods and lakes, laid out with exquisite taste, full of grand monuments in white marble, and ornamented with flowers, far beyond anything we have in the old country. Attached to it is an extensive Park, from which we had a lovely view of the water, and the steamers in the Sound.

Tuesday Morning was given to business, after which, we had an oyster lunch—oysters first-rate, and cooked in a dozen different ways. Then, took steamer down the river to High Bridge, dining afterwards at “Delmonescas,” the finest restaurant in the world.

Wednesday Morning.—Left New York for Chicago, viâ Alleghany Mountains: these are splendid, and it is wonderful how a train can be taken up the sides of a mountain, and round sharp curves, which look most dangerous, in safety. Stayed one night at Pittsburgh; saw over the iron and glass-works. This place is the Birmingham of America—smoky and dirty. That evening we saw three grand torch-light processions, each three-hundred and fifty strong, and each man dressed in military costume, holding a lighted torch, and marching in procession like volunteers, accompanied by good bands of music. It was a novel sight to me.

Thursday Morning.—Was hurried from the Hotel to catch the 9 o'clock train at the station, where we had to wait two hours, and where I lost my luggage for a week, though it was under the renowned “baggage system.” Travelled to Chicago (one thousand miles), all night in a sleeping car, but the noise and excitement, made it impossible to sleep. On the whole, I don't like the style of railway travelling so well as our own, which gives quiet, and repose; but here, all is bustle and excitement. The Americans—men and women—think nothing of travelling a thousand miles at a stretch, and taking their children with them. Here I have bathed, shaved, and shampooed, and feel comfortable. To-day we have driven through this wonderful city (Chicago) seeing the devastation made by the fire which destroyed most beautiful buildings, some of them

of polished marble, and extending ten miles. Now, in twelve months, the greater part is re-built on even a grander scale (see Photos). In going down one street, we met an entire house—furniture, and inmates, being drawn up the middle of the road by horses. This is no uncommon sight here. The Hotels are full of men on business, the offices are thus all like an exchange. To-morrow (*Sunday*) I may be able to tell you more about this wonderful place, which they call the wicked city, and suppose it was destroyed like Sodom and Gomorrah for its many sins; for at the time of the conflagration they say the elements assisted the fire, which begun at the worst and most wicked end of the city. I have been over some of the dry-goods stores, which are wonderfully large, and grand, the outside being specimens of splendid architecture. I send home a Newspaper by this Mail with an account of the place, which you will read with interest. Do you know I am taken for Horace Greeley the candidate for the Presidentship? I have sported a white hat with crape on it—similar to that which he always wears, and by which he is known. I expect to get back to New York by next Sunday, and shall spend the rest of my time between that place and Philadelphia—visiting friends and relatives; and anticipate much pleasure in so doing. I enclose a bill of fare to shew how we live. The waste in food here is fearful; people order twelve things for breakfast, and twenty for dinner, taste only half, and eat only half they take; our simple plan is much the best in every respect. I drink quantities of iced tea, with sugar and iced milk, and milk toast, or oatmeal porridge, indeed I take everything soft, for my teeth have troubled me ever since I left Chipping Norton. I had two double ones taken out at Boston, and intend to have them all put right at Philadelphia. From my being unable to eat solids, I have not been so strong, and energetic as I could

wish; but I take every care of myself, and shall continue to do so till I see you. W. H. Smith, Esq., M.P., is in this Hotel, and I intend to make his acquaintance, if I can. This (*Sunday*) morning I went with a friend to attend a large Baptist Chapel, splendidly furnished, and with a magnificent organ, and first-rate choir—superior to anything I have seen in England. The preacher was Dr. Everett, a splendid orator, full of energy and fire; his text was “The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.” He preached from a large platform, about which he moved from end to end in a most excited manner, at times drawing his white handkerchief through his hand. After Service, the platform was changed into a Baptistry, where I saw five gentlemen baptized in a most solemn and decorous manner. The music splendid, and singing by the choir, continued during the ceremony. I liked the Minister and place so much, that I am going again this evening, I mean also to look at an Episcopal Church, which, with the Chapels, far exceed in effect our own; but out of a population of four-hundred thousand, only ten-thousand are communicants. The evening service partook of the character of a Prayer Meeting, about five-hundred people present, black and white mixed. On returning, encountered *three rats* running across the pavement. This city, so new and beautiful, is full of them; they swarm up from the lakes, and hide themselves under the wooden pavement. We stay here over to-morrow to see more of this wonderful city; and go on to St. Louis to-morrow night in a sleeping car; I think you will say I have kept you well posted up as to our doings. This I hope to do to the end, and trust that you, and others will do the same to me, as I feel daily anxious about you all, and about business, though I have the greatest confidence in Willie,

Sam, and in an overruling Providence. I am collecting Photos of public buildings, wherever I can, for Mr. Woodhouse, as requested by him. Everything here is dear, I paid 48/- for a white hat—in England about 12/-; 90/- for a pair of trousers—at home, 30/-; kid gloves, 10/6 a pair; in fact, everything, except *fruit*, and *oysters*, is very expensive; and rents are five times higher than in England. Persons coming here must be prepared for this advance in prices.

LETTER VII.

Description of Chicago continued—A call on Mr. Pulman, of Railway "Sleeping Cars" notoriety—Chat with Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P.—Monster Cattle Pens—Sheds and Slaughter-houses—St. Louis—The Stoddarts and their Hospitality—Dinner without Wine or other Alcoholic Drinks—Torchlight Procession—Washington, interviews with President Grant and General Sherman—At Philadelphia, "dead beat."

P H I L A D E L P H I A .

9th October, 1872.

MY DEAR FANNY.—

It being your turn to hear from me, I have great pleasure in sending you this my seventh Diary, to let you each know what I have been doing the last week. I ought to have done so by

mail yesterday, but was so surrounded by friends, and occupied with engagements, that I could only find time at 10 o'clock last night to write a few hurried lines to your dear Mother, just after receiving Willie's and Annie's kind letters. My last Diary left off on *Sunday* night week at Chicago. This must begin with *Monday morning* at that place. First of all, I called with introductory letters on Mr. Pulman, the large railway-carriage builder, who has made an immense fortune by introducing the sleeping, and drawing-room cars; and he is very sanguine of getting them used on our railways. At his office, I met W. H. Smith, Esq., M.P. for Westminster, (the railway bookman) and had a chat with him. He was going on to Salt Lake to have a friendly interview with Brigham Young. I am sorry I could not go, but on account of distance, I was obliged to give up this pleasure, and also that of going to San Francisco, and the Yosemite Valley. I shall bring home a magnificent series of large photographs. From Pulman's place, we proceeded to the Cattle Layers, *four miles square*. This area is covered with pens, and sheds, containing forty thousand hogs, fifty-thousand cattle, and fifty-five-thousand sheep; went over one establishment where they can kill, cut up, and pickle, six thousand hogs a day, and a slaughter-house where they kill, cut up, pickle, and put in casks three hundred and fifty bullocks each day, and the two days before last Christmas-day, over two thousand! I saw a beast disposed of in this way in about fifteen minutes. We then drove through the city, which is the greatest wonder of the age. Buildings going on ten miles in extent. The stores, and public buildings being most splendid both in size and design. Visited the waterworks, where five steam engines (each one-thousand horse power) are employed to draw water two

miles from the middle of the Lake through tunnels to supply the city. Two of the above engines have been erected at a cost of £50,000. Left Chicago at night for St. Louis, where, after driving through the city of two hundred thousand people, we went on to *Shaw's* Gardens and Park, many miles in extent, (both of which cost Mr. Shaw over \$100,000), and full of beautiful plants, fruits, and flowers, which he has presented to St. Louis, with funds also for keeping them up). Saw in the garden, Lord and Lady Milton. Afterwards called on Mr. Shaw, and had a long chat with him about Yorkshire, of which county he is a native. From St. Louis in the evening, went to Deyton to visit Mr. and Mrs. Stoddart, who are very nice people, most kind, and hospitable, and with whom I felt quite at home. They live in a splendid house, and are first-class people. Called on Miss Mead who wanted me to stay a week with her father, and promised to drive me out each day; also on Mr., Mrs., and Miss Babbetts, all of whom were fellow-passengers in the "China." Mr. Stoddart drove us out in his carriage to see the *Soldiers' Home*—a noble institution for old, and disabled Soldiers of the American Army, where they have every comfort—a large library (presented by two Ladies who lost their sons in the late war) also a handsome dining room, chapel, and barracks for sixteen hundred men. The view from the grounds, which are beautifully laid out, is very grand—a good band plays here every evening in summer, at which times, there is a large assembly of fashionables. We went also to visit the largest manufactory of hickory carriage wheels in America. Attended a political open-air meeting, addressed by Mr. Wilson—a candidate for the Vice-presidentship; after which we had a splendid dinner at Mr. Stoddart's; no beer or wine introduced, only iced

milk and iced water. In the evening, the city was full of torch-light processions, with bands of music, fireworks, &c. This was a most exciting scene. We left for Washington by train at 10.45, and took seats in an empty car, which in a few minutes was filled by *Niggers* from the procession dressed in various costumes, half-drunk, and appearing like so many black demons from the lower regions. This we had to submit to for a short time, till we got to Columbus, where we were delayed in the middle of the night for five hours, and did not reach Washington till eleven o'clock Saturday morning, instead of 8 a.m., where, after visiting the splendid public buildings, I called on General Sherman, and President Grant. With the former, I spent a full hour most pleasantly. He is a most genial, kind man. He made me a present of a *large map* of America, in which he wrote his name with a complimentary remark. He introduced me to all his family, and would have had me to dinner, could I have stayed. His daughter is coming to England next month, and I invited her to Chipping Norton. The general spoke most highly of the hospitality he had recently experienced in England. I then visited President Grant, spent half an hour with him, and Mr. Novel—Editor of the "New York Times"—who is a friend of Sir Morton Peto's. Left Washington (with which I was much pleased) at night, and arrived at Philadelphia 4 o'clock *Sunday morning* "*dead beat*" having during the whole time been sightseeing by day, and sleeping in cars at night; and travelled during the week, two-thousand two-hundred miles; I was therefore glad to find myself in bed at the Continental Hotel (the best I have been at) where Dallett and William found me, and came into my room at 10 o'clock. In this Diary I have forgotten to say that I spent *Tuesday* at Cincinnati, visiting the beautiful Cemetery, and various

places of interest, amongst others, an *exhibition* in the evening crammed with goods and people; also that I spent a day at Baltimore). Here (at Philadelphia) I found all friends well, and glad to see me. On Sunday I went out to see the people coming from Church, dined with William, and afterwards went to Church with Marianne. *Monday*, William took me through this beautiful city, shewing me the splendid stores, Gerard's Institute, and Penitentiary, and afterwards drove me through a beautiful park twenty miles long, and well laid out. *Tuesday* I spent with my brother's widow Marianne, calling on her friends and relations, and went out to Morristown to see her sister, Mrs. Stevens; and on returning found Mr. Gillas Dallett, Mr. Elijah Dallett, with Mrs. Michael Dallett, and other friends spending the evening at William's. This being the day of the election for the Presidentship, the city was in great uproar—five or six bonfires in every street—torch-light processions—bands of music—magnificent fireworks, and the streets full of people *all night*. *Wednesday*—this day I am going with William to visit Mr. Gillas Dallett and family at *West Chester*, all nice people as you know: was astonished at the enormous growth of egg plants and other vegetables in Mr. Dallett's garden, some of them as *big as my head*, which being sliced and fried, were like fish to the taste. I also noticed his white turkeys, and poultry, *all white*. Here I saw the house and garden in which my Brother resided for many years. After a pleasant day, returned in the evening and found Mr. and Mrs. Dallett at William's; also Mr. and Mrs. Newton to meet us: friends, and relations, one and all seemed to vie with each other to pay me every attention and respect, and that in the most delicate and thoughtful way. This morning I make some calls, do some shopping, and leave for New York at 5 o'clock, where I stay till Wednesday next,

when (D.V.) I leave for home by the "Russia." I shall be glad to see you all once again, and enjoy the quiet, and repose of home, though I have enjoyed myself here immensely. The weather has been delightful,—only three very hot, and two damp days, since I left England—with lovely skies, beautiful sunrisings, and settings, and the foliage of the trees so splendid. I am glad to find dear Lindsey has not forgotten his grand dada, who wants to see him and "Sir Roger," or Bertie—very much. All here desire their kind love to you. I must now conclude this long Diary, which please let all see, and with much love believe me to be, &c., &c.

D I A R Y

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE "RUSSIA."

*Visit to a Brother's Grave—Again at New York—H. Ward
Beecher's Chapel—Floral Decorations—Farewell Visits—Home-
wards—Thoughts on America and its People—Quickest Passage
on Record—"Home Sweet Home!"*

ON BOARD THE "RUSSIA,"

23rd October, 1872.

My last was written from Philadelphia, October 9th. This day we spent in calling on relations and friends in the city, and visited the beautiful cemetery, with Mrs. R. Bliss, where I saw my poor Brother's grave, from which I plucked some flowers, which I have brought to take to England. This cemetery (like the park), is beautifully laid out, and the monuments are *superb*. The Americans pay much more outward respect to their dead than we do. Each family has a separate piece of ground, railed in, with name affixed. Thus "Dallett" contains all the Dallett family, and "Bliss" contains my brother, Athanades and Dallett, Virginia's child's grave. At

Philadelphia I visited Erle's store, bought an oil chromo of Niagara Falls, and two pictures, one "Late Autumn," and one "Early Spring,"—also photos of the Yosemite Valley, an entire series of twenty-six views, beautifully done, also six larger ones. Left here for New York on *Thursday*, arriving at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, 10 o'clock, P.M. *Friday*.—Devoted the whole day to business, looking after Mr. Taylor and others, and settling arrangements with Mr. Briggs. In the evening dined with Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan; met a pleasant party, amongst whom was Miss Sullivan—a lovely girl, just going to marry a Mr. Leonard, a clergyman at Brooklyn. Her photograph was given me by that charming little woman, Mrs. Sullivan: a capital dinner was put on the table, and well served by *one* negro man-servant, and the gentlemen left the table with the ladies after dinner, and had music in the drawing-room—a practice we should do well to adopt. *Saturday Morning* was devoted to business, and after 10 o'clock went with Dallett and Mr. Taylor to see the Jerome Park Races, twelve miles from New York, where ten-thousand people were assembled. From the grand stand saw five good races, each of the horses ridden by negro jockeys, who sit like monkeys, never moving their seat, nor shifting their reins once. Saw "Harry Bassett," (the first horse in America, and supposed to be worth any money before the race), most shamefully beaten by a hundred lengths, taking everyone by surprise, and letting the knowing ones in. His owner, an old Virginian, with his twenty negroes, who always accompany him, terribly chapfallen. It was most amusing to see the people going to, and coming from these races, in all sorts of vehicles, some with fast trotting horses, all going five or six a-breast, and all "helter skelter," as fast as they could go, and trying to race with each other as much as

possible, each appearing afraid of being last. *Sunday*, I went to church with Dallett and Virginia, and afterwards accompanied Mr. Taylor up Fifth Avenue to see the people coming from church, and on entering the most fashionable church after morning-service, encountered a gentleman (the only Yankee I met with), who was organ-builder to the place, who urged me to come and hear the music in the evening. On my saying I was going to hear Mr. Beecher, he said "don't go to hear that 'bare-bones,'—why the devil don't you come here?" and this in the hearing of the rector, who reproved him. In the evening, took a carriage to Brooklyn, to see Mrs. Coullios (late Miss Thompson), who was from home, and from thence proceeded to Mr. Beecher's chapel. It was decorated with flowers and plants, which, after service, he gave notice, would be *sold* next week, for the benefit of the chapel. I lost much of Mr. Beecher's sermon, being too far off. About three thousand present—a plain chapel. On *Monday* spent the day at Elizabeth (where my brother lived and died), with Marianne, Louisa, and Ernest, who kindly took me round this beautiful place, containing twenty-seven thousand people. The houses and villas are all of wood, very ornamental, and beautifully painted—streets and roads are well laid out, and made of wood; rents very high, five times as much as in England. In the evening dined with Mr. Briggs in his flat, for which he pays £500 a year. *Tuesday* spent the whole day with Virginia, shopping and buying toys for the grand-children, presents for family and servants. In the evening, dined, and went afterwards to the opera with Mrs. Ezra Bliss. I was much interested and amused. On *Wednesday* left 5th Avenue Hotel to go on board the "Russia," where I found all our friends assembled to wish us good bye, and after partaking of champagne, and expressing good wishes for each other,

we parted, and the vessel set *sail for England*. The first four days we had a fair sea, but the last four days were *very rough*, and uncomfortable, the sea rising mountains high, making the steamer roll so much, that we could scarcely keep anything on the table, the sides of the vessel continually dipping into the water, so that it was impossible to keep our legs, and few could sleep for the last two nights. Leaving New York at 4 p.m. *Wednesday*, we reached Queenstown at midnight on the Thursday week following—and arrived at Liverpool by 6 o'clock p.m.—the quickest passage on record! But not being able to get over the bar in time, did not land till 8 o'clock next morning. Took an early train, and reached Banbury at 4.30 p.m., and Chipping Norton at 6 o'clock, which I was thankful to do in safety, and to find all well, and happy. A most hearty and gratifying reception, not only from my own family and friends, but from my workpeople, here awaited me. My visit to America, has been a very pleasant one, and had it not been that at times, I suffered from loss of appetite, and over-fatigue, it would have been still more enjoyable. I should like to have had another week to have seen more of Philadelphia and New York. America is truly a *great* country, and the people are *wonderful*. They are very refined, intelligent, courteous, and most willing to communicate information, hospitable and generous, well-dressed, and remarkable in person; wearing no whiskers or beard, only a moustache: they are sober and temperate in their habits: the ladies take no wine and the men but little. Smoking and drinking much less than I gave them credit for.

The young people of both sexes are rather too precocious, and at about fourteen or fifteen are equal to our young people,

at twenty. As a rule they marry very early, and appear very loving and devoted. The wife feels in every respect equal to her husband—demanding attention, and getting it. As a rule, they have small families, generally only one or two, and these five or six years apart. New York is a wonderful city, having many splendid public buildings, and some of the largest stores in the world. Its streets are wide and long, but badly paved. Broadway is said to be eight miles long, is almost entirely devoted to business, and in the middle of the day, filled with people in vehicles, (like Cheapside in London). Central Park and Greenwood Cemetery are both beautifully laid out and planted. Brooklyn, New Jersey, is a nice suburb to the city. New York Bay is one of the finest in the world, and must strike every one with surprise on entering it. Philadelphia is a beautiful city; its public buildings, and private houses, are magnificent, many being built with *white marble*. Gerrard's Institute, for the support and education of poor children (boys and girls), is a very large building made of this material, as is a handsome Wesleyan Chapel in course of erection, with two spires, all of white polished marble. The Cemetery is beautifully laid out, and the Park very extensive. Here I saw torch-light processions, and various demonstrations, in honor of the poll for the Presidential office, which was decided in favour of General Grant. The President's salary is only £5000, just equal to that given to H. W. Beecher by his congregation. Washington will, in a few years, become a grand city. The Government Buildings, Treasury, (where the bank notes are counted by young girls), Capital, and City Hall are constructed of white marble. Streets are well laid out and paved. I should mention in conclusion, that the exquisite, and decided tints of the autumn foliage, and wild flowers, during the time of their continuance, greatly add

to the beauty of the grand, lovely scenery, through which I have passed, especially in the Alleghany mountains, in the state of Vermont, where I saw them in their well-known and striking magnificence. The tints are so decidedly marked, and there is not a leaf on the tree but is as brilliant as if it was varnished, which greatly enhances the effect. The best time in the year to visit America is from August to November, as this is called the "Indian Summer," and there is then splendid weather. The country looks most lovely. The expense of a tour is three times as great as it would be in this country, or on the continent.

The Americans say they can let their houses for twelve months, visit Europe, and save half their incomes. It is said that those who are met travelling in England, are not the best specimens, hence the prejudice of some of the English against them, which the Americans all feel, and are therefore generally reserved in the company of English people.

Whilst there, I heard not one word said against England, or the English. No reference to "Alabama Claims" or the San Juan Boundary, and I am glad to see, within the last week or two, the respect paid in this country to the American banner of stars and stripes, which has been carried through the Land to London by Sergeant Bates, all tending to strengthen a friendship which I hope will never be interrupted.

P.S. — On leaving New York, I deposited sufficient money with a news-agent to supply me with *Mr. Beecher's Sermons*, and the *New York Herald*, for twelve months. With the former I have been interested, but not much improved; but with the latter — as a specimen of the Free Press of America, I have been disgusted. The sensational articles, and low state of morals there introduced, I cannot reconcile with the refinement that I saw in the American people. This must strike any Englishman, as an anomaly which needs explanation.

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